

AN IDYLL OF THE HILLS

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Winning of Winifred," "Rainbow Island," "The Pillar of Light,"
"The Albert Gate Affair," "Souls on Fire," Etc.

Copyright, 1908, by the National Press Agency.

CAPT. ARTHUR CALDECOTT, captain in the Royal Bengal Lancers, sat in his darkened bungalow at 4 o'clock one afternoon in June, sipped a cup of tea, smoked a Burma cheroot, and tried to read. His costume was most unlancerlike, consisting mainly of the lack of it, though he might be excused on the score of propriety seeing that his only companion was a fox terrier, that the thermometer stood at 114 degrees, and that he was about to dress and ride to the club. But the book, considering his environment, was the most amazing item in that bizarre abode of bachelorhood, since it was actually a charmingly bound copy of Tennyson's poems, which Caldecott's mother had sent him as a birthday present. He found it on his table when he came in from the orderly room, and, like a dutiful son, sat down instantly to examine it. By chance, he had opened the volume at the "Idylls of the King," and he read:

And Arthur yet had done no deed of arms,
But heard the call, and came; and Guinevere
Stood by the castle walls to watch him pass;
But since he neither wore on helm or shield
The golden symbol of his kingship,
But rode a simple knight among his knights,
And many of these in richer arms than he,
She saw him not, or mark'd not, if she saw,
One among many

"That's me, pup," said he to the dog. "No deed of arms, no golden symbol—not many silver ones if it comes to that—and not even a wink from Gwenny. In fact, we don't know the lady, do we, you small sinner?"

Guinevere was waiting, nevertheless, and Arthur Caldecott was destined to meet her ere he was many days older. For behold, his application for leave was unexpectedly granted, and within forty-eight hours he was one of two men seated in the Calcutta mail as it sped northward across the Punjab desert, and who kept themselves alive by tying iced towels round their heads and imbibing fabulous quantities of liquid. "Colonel," said Caldecott, "did you ever know a hotter day than this?"

The veteran he appealed to, a military engineer of twenty years' service on state railways, seemed to think the question worthy of serious consideration.

"Well," he said at length, "I can't say it was hotter when we made the final inspection of the Sibi extension, but the results were worse. The ice machine in Lahore had broken down, so we drank tepid water before the trip ended, and three fellows died from heat apoplexy. You'd better give that dog another dose."

This seemingly irrelevant remark applied to Huz, who was accompanying his master, and whose exuberant vitality had yielded to the effects of a two days' journey in the train. He was now lying on a seat, panting with painful rapidity, and his tongue was stretched out as though he had run ten miles after a galloping horse. The water in the reservoir overhead was not available, being nearly at boiling point. Before it could be borne on the face or hands a large lump of ice had to be melted in it. So Caldecott opened a bottle of iced soda and doused the dog with it. This treatment had been effectual thus far in keeping the unfortunate Huz alive, and now he revived sufficiently to wag his tail. A very feeble wag, certainly, but a distinct indication of a desire to survive and fight many other dogs before the end came.

"I am sorry I brought him," said Arthur, pityingly. "Oh, he will be all right. He was a perky enough imp when he came aboard, and he will be the happiest dog as soon as he smells the pines this afternoon."

Shortly before midday the travelers reached the end of their railway journey, and Huz deluded himself into the joyous belief that his troubles were over. He even forgot himself so far as to bark furiously at a pariah who skulked up to the carriage on the chance of picking something out of an unguarded tiffin basket. But when he was unceremoniously bundled into a tonga, and the vehicle commenced its forty miles' jog to the foot of the hills, he resigned himself to repose on his master's knee.

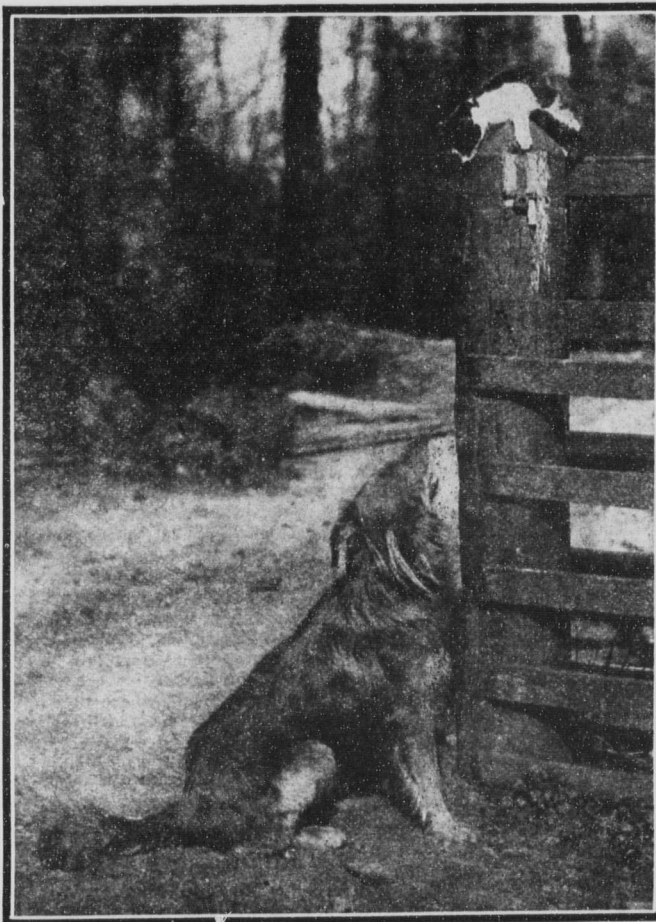
THERE was not much talk during the drive. The lancer had seen his fellow voyageur's rank and name—Col. H. S. Mortimer, R. E.—on his luggage, and knew, therefore, that he was a great man in Calcutta society, but he had not met him previously.

At last the tonga stopped for the seventh time, and Arthur thought it was only to change the ponies. But Col. Mortimer jumped down, exclaiming:

"Here we are! Now for a cup of tea before we ride up." Caldecott looked around. "Why," he yelled delightedly, "the sky is blue!"

The other smiled at his enthusiasm. If people in England knew what it meant to see a blue sky after many weary months of existence under a dome of burnished brass, they would understand the joy of that exclamation. The blue sky over the hills is a thing to be remembered long after the Indian heat has died out of the bones.

Oddly enough, Caldecott had never before been to a hill station. His earlier periods of leave had been spent in tiger shooting and pig sticking, varied by one memorable run home. So, after ten years' soldiering in India, he was a very boy in his glee at the wonders around him, and his enthusiasm made the grizzled veteran by his side feel more kindly disposed toward him than would otherwise be the case after the brief acquaintance of a journey.



"TREED"

Huz, having been swindled once, did not believe his ears when the rustling of leaves and the plash of tumbling rivulets reached him. But a monkey swinging across a low, overhanging branch was too much for him, or, indeed, for any animal worthy of the name of fox terrier. His mad rush to the foot of the tree and three feet up its side sent Jacko flying up the trunk, and thenceforth Huz was a glad dog. He drank much milk at the half-way rest house, and nearly murdered Mrs. Gen. Tompkins's pet poodle in the porch of the hotel.

When Caldecott entered the dining room at 8 o'clock he saw a pretty, golden-haired girl, with the profile of a Greek goddess, and eyes of myosotis blue, talking to Col. Mortimer, her hand resting on his shoulder, and implying by this familiar act that she was his daughter. Thereupon the lancer softly called himself a dunder-headed fool for not having made himself particularly civil to his former companion. Of course, this was the Sybil Mortimer of whom the papers were talking so much when the Calcutta amateurs performed "La Mascotte" last cold weather. She played the title role, and enchanted everybody with her grace and beauty, not to speak of her powers as an actress and singer. Ye gods! He had let the old man cut his own ice, and lose the toss for drinks at Lahore!

He was stalking off to a distant table when Col. Mortimer called to him: "Here, Caldecott, won't you come and sit near us? Let me introduce you to my daughter. Sybil—Capt. Caldecott, of the Royal Lancers."

That was how it commenced; the finish was different. "How many ponies have you brought up?" said Miss Mortimer, after the incidents of the journey had been duly glorified.

"None. I have leased my team to a civilian. I mean to try and buy a local tat as soon as possible." "Ah!" commended the lady, "he is poor." Then aloud: "I suppose you felt it awfully dull down on the plains?"

"Dull" is not the word for it. The only break in the monotony is an occasional day's pigsticking, and my mother's weekly letter."

"Unmarried," thought Miss Mortimer, "and free. Boys who are in love don't enthuse about their mater. He will do."

In other words, he would make a nice addition to her jungle teas and tennis parties, take her out for a ride on a spare day, and generally fetch and carry, as all well-behaved British officers under thirty are supposed to do when on leave in a hill station.

"You have never been here before?" she said.

"No, and I don't think I shall want to go away."

"Good gracious! It is not so charming as all that; besides, you haven't seen the place yet."

Arthur was about to say that one glimpse of the inhabitants had been sufficient to cause him to form an opinion; but, although habituated to "flying" obstacles, he realized that he was doing very well—the joint had not yet appeared—so he contented himself with murmuring rather awkwardly that even during the brief ride up he had gained a very favorable impression of Gharial.

Miss Sybil had noted his pause. She knew that he was mentally switching off on to another line, and could have told him exactly what was in his mind.

"Dear me," she thought, "this young man wants to flirt. He shall get it."

Wherein this beautiful witch was quite mistaken. Arthur Caldecott, the liveliest man at mess and the hardest rider of his regiment, took two things seriously—his profession and his love. The native troopers used to say that Kalkit Sahib (a native never pronounces your name correctly) when in command of his troop always had the enemy in front of him, which was their way of conveying the idea that he was a careful, painstaking officer. As for his affections, they had never been lavished on any other object than his mother, to whom he would ever remain the bright, curly haired boy who was her only solace when her husband fell at the head of his regiment during the second Afghan war. It were an ill deed for any woman to smash up Arthur Caldecott's idylls both in love and war, yet that is what Sybil Mortimer very nearly succeeded in accomplishing.

THE next three months opened up a new life to the lancer. Lawn tennis possessed a hitherto undiscovered charm if Sybil were his partner, and galloping on the verge of precipitous paths was the finest thing on earth if only his hardly Kabuli pony were exerting itself manfully to keep up with the easy strides of Miss Mortimer's Arab. The handsome bay mare in question was, however, the first cause of annoyance to Arthur. He discovered that she was a present from Mr. Commissioner Wragg to Sybil—"an old schoolfellow of dad's, you know," she explained—and Wragg was a bachelor, with a certain chief secretaryship and a possible knight-hood looming in the distance.

Wragg was over forty, and looked older, but with ladies he was essentially *un homme galant*. Arthur would often have liked to kick him soundly for his obtrusive attentions to Sybil, but that young lady did not seem to favor any such drastic treatment of "dad's old schoolfellow"—who, by the way, had three thousand rupees a month. To think of him as a rival was, of course, impossible. By this time, it need hardly be said that the young captain was over head and ears in love. His mother sighed deeply when she read his extravagant praises of Sybil Mortimer. No girl could be too good for her son, and she prayed every night that he might be happy in his choice, as happy as she was long years ago when she said "Yes" to a gallant dragoon who picturesquely suggested that they should drive tandem for the rest of their lives, with herself as the leader.

Mrs. Caldecott wrote long letters telling Arthur what a true and faithful wife should be, and, though he could not honestly say that Sybil's characteristics were those depicted by his mother, yet she was only nineteen. Besides, if mother could but see his sweetheart, she would be sure to love her, as everybody else did.

Some of the ladies in the hotel did not share this opinion. Mrs. Gen. Tompkins, who, when Huz had been whipped into a silent but unconquerable aversion to the poodle, liked Arthur for his manly, straightforward qualities, took it upon herself to warn him against the dangers of flirtation if carried to extreme lengths. But a stern expression came into his face which caused her to pull up short. As she afterward confessed to a friend: "I dared not say any more, for he looked just like the poor dear general (departed) did when I said he was podgy on horseback. There are some things a man won't listen to from a woman, my dear."

So it came to pass that one night Arthur and Sybil were standing together at the extreme end of the veranda, well screened from observation by the twining creepers which twisted in profusion around the wooden pillars, and drooped in graceful festoons from the eaves. All day long the rain had lashed the hillsides in pitiless torrents; but now the storm had passed, and

PARK SCENES IN LOS ANGELES



BRIDGE ACROSS LAGOON IN HOLLENBECK PARK.

the awful solitudes of the Himalayas lay in vast expanse before them, bathed in a glorious sea of moonlight.

They were both rather silent. Caldecott had made up his mind to learn his fate that night. He left early next morning to rejoin his regiment, as there was a chance of being ordered on active service. He had just communicated the fact to Miss Mortimer, and she made no reply. That encouraged him.

At last the situation became irksome, and she felt obliged to say something.

"What a nuisance that the rain should keep on so long, and spoil our last ride together!"

Then Arthur knew that his time had come.

"No, Sybil," he said, with calm desperation, "for heaven's sake don't say that! Not our last."

"Oh!" she replied, ignoring the use of her Christian name, "I did not mean anything serious. Of course, I hope we shall meet again." Even her well-preserved heart was now beginning to beat a little faster than usual.

"Sybil," he said, coming nearer to her—and she did not shrink away—"I love you, and I want to ask you to be my wife. I cannot offer you much save my love, yet if you will accept that I will try to make you happy. Can you care for me a little bit?"

It was very nice, this lovemaking in the moonlight, so Sybil allowed her head to droop on his shoulder, and Huz, who was watching the scene carefully, with cocked ears and head a little on one side, now had his attention diverted by the fact that an ant thought the black spot in the center of his back was a nice cozy place to sleep in for the night. So Huz turned his head to interview the ant, and there were no other spectators.

Anyhow, Arthur felt absurdly happy, and Sybil thought that she really loved him. She knows now that she will never love any other man; but enlightenment came late.

Next morning, at daybreak, Caldecott rode after his baggage down to the tonga station. Aroused by the unusual commotion, Mrs. Gen. Tompkins's poodle came out to see what the row was about. Huz knew he was going from this pleasant land of mutton bones and pie crust, yet his mortal enemy dared to put in an appearance, to crow over him to speak. Gadzooks! Was a woolly Pomeranian to sneer at a true-bred British terrier? Never! That poodle required nursing and combing for a week before he was pronounced convalescent. So master and dog left Gharial in a fairly contented frame of mind.

THAT was the end of September. On the closing day of December, a date when most people, at any rate in the civilized world, are looking forward to a "bright and prosperous New Year," as the season's cards put it, Capt. Arthur Caldecott was in as tight a place as the fiercest of fire-eaters could desire. The expedition had come off. A tribal section of the great Waziri community was tired of being good and sought a little diversion by way of being bad. Now, a bad Afghan is a most objectionable person. He kills people, and likes doing it, but the government of India is extremely averse to such behavior—in an unauthorized way, that is. It was all right to kill Waziris when they were troublesome, but the Waziris must not carve anybody else. As a rule, the hill men take their slaughter nicely. They rush on, with fine contempt for lead travel-

ing 2,000 feet per second, into the teeth of a hurricane of missiles from Lee-Metfords, Maxims, mountain batteries and other pleasant devices provided for their benefit by a far-seeing government. When they are mowed down sufficiently they retire, send in hostages, are lectured by the political officer, and become good again for a time. But a periodical blood-letting they are determined to have, and they get it.

On this occasion, however, they did not quite meet the views of the sahibs. They actually chose their own time and place for the fight, and it really seemed during one portion of the fray "as if the beggars thought they were going to lick us." At least, that is what the senior staff officer said, and it was deemed to be very funny by those who heard him. Perhaps one might not see the humor of it, but it is always advisable to laugh at anything the senior staff officer says, if he means it as a joke. For goodness' sake do not laugh at his other remarks, or there will be serious trouble.

The fact of the matter was that the British force had been cleverly decoyed into a nasty position, where they had to form an irregular square, and only one-fourth of their fire was available against the enemy's main attack. With less-seasoned troops, or against a civilized enemy, the little brigade would have been swept away in a very few minutes; but as every native soldier had invincible confidence in the sahibs, and as each British officer and private felt cocksure of winning ultimately, there was no desperation or nervousness, although certainly there was some disorder.

The only man who seemed to be really anxious was the commander in chief. He knew quite well that things were not as they should be, and his heart ached a little when he saw that a lull in the attack was only the prelude to another and more spirited onset in a very short space of time. The respite was used to good effect, however. The Maxims were wheeled into a better position, the horses of the cavalry were ranged in greater uniformity, and the mules were placed among the commissariat bullocks, where their plunging, if hit, caused less confusion.

Arthur Caldecott was standing by his troop, waiting eagerly for the order to ride forth and cut up the retreating tribesmen. He, like the other British officers, was mounted; the men stood at their horses' heads. His thoughts reverted to Sybil for a moment. He had sent her an engagement ring, which cost him three polo ponies. He wrote to her regularly, and though he had not heard from her of late, this, no doubt, was owing to the difficulty experienced in reaching the field post-office. When the expedition ended he would interview her father, and make arrangements for the marriage. Needless to mention, the faithful Huz was sitting on his tail at the horse's forefeet, and taking a keen interest in life. This sort of fun was almost equal to meeting another terrier of choleric habit.

During the lull in the attack a subaltern attached to the mountain battery offered Caldecott a cigarette, first lighting it for him.

"By the way, old chap," he said, "you knew the Mortimer girl at Gharial, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Arthur, smiling at the unconscious thought-reader.

"Well, she's gone and married old Wragg. Beastly shame, isn't it, for an old buffer like that to hook off with one of our best girls. She took him for his dibs, I suppose."

For a moment Caldecott thought he had been struck

TIRING OUT THE TIGER

AN officer of the Indian army describes the manner in which a pack of wild dogs will attack and hunt down the fiercest tiger in the jungle. Having found their tiger, they proceed, not to attack him at once, but to starve him until they have materially reduced his strength. Night and day they form a cordon round the unfortunate beast, and allow him no chance of obtaining food or rest; every time the tiger essays to break the circle, this is widened as the pack flies before him, only to be relentlessly narrowed again when the quarry is exhausted. After a certain period of this treatment the tiger falls a comparatively easy prey to his active and persevering enemies.—*Answers.*

NOTE FROM THE PARSONAGE

THE byways, as well as the highways, of church life furnish much in the way of wit and humor. What, for instance, could be more mirth-provoking than the naive confession of the cook of a London vicar, who, being allowed to choose a hymn for the family prayers, was complimented on her choice by the vicar's wife?

"What a nice hymn you chose!" said the latter to the cook.

"Yes, mum; it's the number of my policeman."—*Call.*

Scorched

Mr. Crimsonbeak—What in the world's the matter with this shirt?

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Oh, I guess the girl boiled it a little too long, dear, that's all.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Looks to me as if she had fried it!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

by a bullet, but his horse moved owing to the involuntary tightening of his bridle hand, and this slight thing brought him back to a dulled sense of his surroundings.

"How do you know?" he asked. And his listener did not notice the change in his voice.

"Saw the wedding in the papers. They were married in the cathedral at Calcutta. The viceroy was there, and no end of bigwigs. It's tommy-rot, all the same, that a chap like Wragg—"

Here the subaltern used a few earnest words, for his helmet had been knocked off by a marble fired from a jezail. He picked up his damaged topi and hurried away to his guns, as the attack was recommencing.

WHY Caldecott went mad he himself does not know now, but during the next few minutes he was a sheer lunatic. Sybil married! Sybil false to him! Sybil, who had twined her arms around him, and in whose eyes shone love if ever it did in woman's! Then there must be an end to this farce of life. There was no further place for him in this world. And right in front lay the way out. The wild tribesmen are making their last desperate attack, and, though they are falling in scores, the Tommies and Sepoys are dropping too. Already there is a gap which is but loosely filled up. Have at them, then, Arthur, old fellow, and die sword in hand! Perhaps, when she hears of it she will know the reason. Pray now, fond mother in far-off Devon—there is dire need for your intercession, most desperate need. Already Caldecott has dismounted, in strict defiance of orders, whereat his subadar gazes in silent amazement, but remains passive, for the sahib can do no wrong. But he has run out from the shattered square into the midst of the enemy, and perhaps it is too late for prayers. Well, not quite! That time never arrives while a man lives.

Though determined to commit suicide, our lancer meant to go to the next world, if not in good company, at least not alone. So he killed one Ghazi with a cut, and thrust another through the mouth so strongly that the sword stuck in the Pathan's skull. Before he could withdraw the weapon a stalwart tribesman cut straight at him with a keen and heavy tulwar. Involuntarily, he raised his left arm to ward off the blow, and the stroke was so hard and true that it almost severed his hand at the wrist. Another tulwar flashed in the air, and Caldecott's time-glass would have run out had not Huz made his teeth meet in the Afghan's bare leg. The unexpected assault in a most vulnerable part disconcerted the native's aim, and his descending weapon only served to turn aside a spear-thrust intended for the infidel's heart. The next instant Arthur struck him in the mouth with his sound fist. So clean was the punch that when the Waziri's corpse was examined afterward it was found that all his upper front teeth were dislodged.

Meanwhile, a strange thing had happened. A section of a British company, when they saw an officer knocking over the enemy like ninepins, "couldn't stick it," as they remarked subsequently, and rushed at the enemy like one man. They were followed by the rest of the company, who did not know what the trouble was, but wanted to be in it. The Sepoys were tired of standing still, so, with a wild yell, they broke and joined in the scrimmage on their own account. The result, a few seconds later, was that the cavalry were in their saddles



HE (having just related a somewhat risqué story)—Well, don't you see the point?
SHE—Not if it's what I think it is!—Journal Amusant.

and mercilessly cutting down the retreating enemy, and the artillery were shelling groups of fugitives where mounted pursuit was impossible. As the senior staff officer put it, "The psychological moment, which must always be reckoned with in strategy, had been seized at the precise period when the defense should be converted into the attack." He was very scientific, and he delivered a beautiful lecture on the question at the Simla United Service club during the next hot weather.

The commander in chief took off his helmet, wiped his face, which was pale and streaming with perspiration, and muttered: "Caldecott ought to be cashiered for what he did, but if he is alive I must get him the V. C. I don't think we could have stood five minutes longer, and that unexpected counter-attack saved us."

The surgeon who was the first to attend to Arthur heard him say, when he opened his eyes, "I am sorry, Sybil, dear, but I meant to die."

Huz came out of the conflict minus an ear, a fact which gives him a peculiarly bloodthirsty appearance when on the warpath. At other times he looks rather comical, and sympathizes with his master's plaint: "I lost the use of a hand, and you lost an ear over a woman who wasn't worth it, didn't we, Huz?"

Whereupon Huz wags his tail until his tail almost wags him, for he knows the whole story.

People are saying that Major Caldecott, V. C., and the sister of the junior captain, who housekeeps for her brother, will be married soon. Evelyn Millar is certainly a charming woman, whom Arthur's mother had known and appreciated in England. But nobody can say anything definite on the point except they themselves—and Huz. If the latter is interrogated, he cocks his remaining ear.

THE ETERNAL FEMINE

AMONG some African tribes, when a man professes his love for a woman and asks her in marriage, she invariably refuses him at first, lest it should appear that she had been thinking of him and was eager to become his wife! By so doing she maintains the modesty of her sex, as well as tests the love and abases the pride of her lover. This policy is also intended to be of use to the woman in her married life—as, should there be quarreling, and the husband threaten to send her away, she can remind him of how he made repeated professions of his love and urgently pressed his suit before she consented to become his wife.—*Wide World Magazine*.

MUSIC THE MIND-WRECKER

THE idea that music may be harmful—that it can create a fever in the blood dangerous to life and reason—will come as a revelation to many.

Friedrich Nietzsche, the well-known German philosopher, declares that there is something in some music—most noticeable in Wagner and Tchaikowsky—which acts unfavorably on the brain and nerves of many people.

Tchaikowsky's baleful influence cannot be denied. He destroyed himself after composing his famous Sixth sym-

phony; and, as several have died by their own hand after playing it, it has come to be known as the "suicide symphony."

The theory that music may be really poison for the nerves has led to the formation of a society for the definite study of the subject. Experiments are to be made with different styles of music upon patients variously afflicted, and the effects carefully noted.

Knowing this, musicians who seek to ease the pain and suffering of those in hospitals by playing to them should be most careful in the selections they choose, or their efforts may be productive of more harm than good.—*Answers*.

PROOF POSITIVE

FOR the fifteenth time the old lady—who had come into the fancy store to buy "anything really nice for my granddaughter Millicent; not too expensive, you know, but it must be good"—for the fifteenth time picked up and examined through her lorgnette a little handbag.

"Are you quite sure that this is genuine alligator skin?" she repeated.

"Positive, madam," assured the weary dealer. "As a matter of fact, I shot that alligator myself."

"It looks a trifle soiled," remonstrated the old lady, regarding the salesman dubiously.

"That, madam, is where it struck the ground when it fell off the tree," he explained.

And Millicent was very pleased with it.—*Bystander*.

BELLIGERENT

AN old millionaire refused point-blank to lend fifty pounds to a bosom friend. "Well, I did not expect that of you," said the would-be borrower, rising and preparing to leave indignantly. "I will never forgive you for this refusal."

"Of course you won't, my dear fellow," replied the old screw, with the utmost calmness; "but if I'd lent you the fifty pounds you wouldn't have paid me, and we should have quarreled about that, so it's as well to get the row over at once. Good morning."—*Tatler*.

TOPAZ FOR BURNS

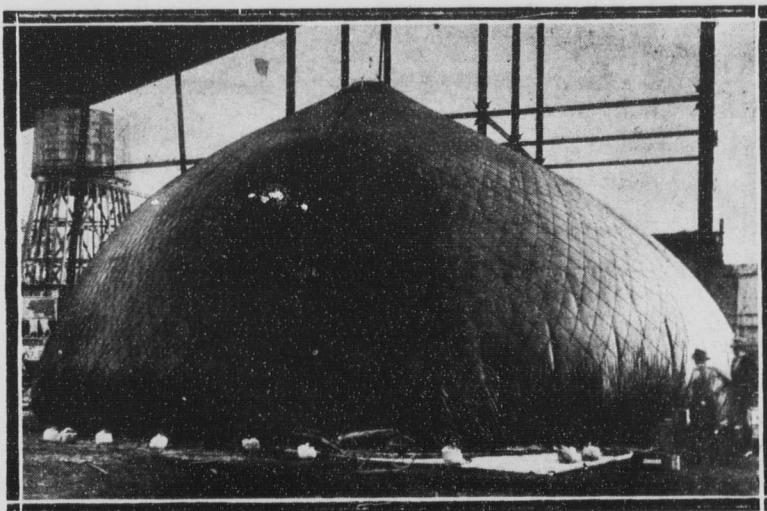
WHY certain precious stones are still regarded as talismans by many people it would be difficult to explain, unless on the ground that it has been the custom from the earliest times, says the *Bystander*. Jewels have been used as moneys, but it is their curative or preventive powers that make them so interesting.

Agate, for instance, was supposed to counteract poisoning, amber to cure sore throats, bloodstone to stop wounds bleeding, and the diamond was looked upon as a restorer of strength and courage.

The garnet was a first-rate fever fighter, the moonstone cured epilepsy, the sapphire restored the insane to their right minds, and the ruby acted as a disinfectant. The pain of burns was stopped by the topaz, and toothache by tourmaline, while bruises were healed by the turquoise.

Pearls, the "tears of heaven," were used to conduce emotionalism, and the amethyst, placed in wine, rendered the liquid non-intoxicant. But medical men do not seem to prescribe them nowadays.

VARNISHING A BALLOON



MONSTER BALLOON, PARTIALLY INFLATED.

BALLOON MAKING and refilling will become a common sight in Los Angeles as a result of the race promoted by Dick Ferris with his balloons, the United States and America. The Aero club of California, which has headquarters in Los Angeles, is planning the building of a balloon park of twenty acres near Bimini Inn and a balloon to be named the Los Angeles will be constructed there.

A great deal of care that the public does not observe enters into the preparation for a balloon ascension, especially where an endurance race or other contest is involved. Yards and yards of the finest Japanese silk are used to manufacture the envelope, as the balloon proper which holds the gas is called. It is most carefully varnished, and the work is done with air brushes, as an interminable time would be required to do this solely with a brush by hand. The air brushes are followed,

however, by an application of the brush to spread the varnish evenly.

As the balloon must be varnished inside as well as on the exterior it is partially inflated with air by a blower operated by a small electric motor, and the men crawl under the folds and apply the varnish to the inner surface. It often happens that the fumes of the turpentine overcome them. A peculiarity in this is that the workers themselves do not realize that they are losing consciousness, and it is necessary for another man to look in occasionally to see how they are withstanding the heavily charged air. When the balloon America, which is shown in the illustration inflated for interior work, was being overhauled at Chutes park this month one of the men who was operating a brush inside it was found vigorously scrubbing away with the back of the brush. The effect of the fumes had advanced to a point which allowed him still to work without realizing what he was doing.



A BIT OF OLD CHINATOWN

SAVE MONEY by dealing with us. Our location just outside the high-rent district enables us to offer goods lower than others. A complete line of FANCY STATIONERY, BRASS GOODS, LEATHER GOODS and LATEST HOLIDAY NOVELTIES

The Neuner Company

Manufacturing Stationers, Printers, Bookbinders, Photo-engravers, Copper and Steel Plate Printers

113-115
S. Broadway
The Manufacturers
Who SELL DIRECT